

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS, ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 45.—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6 1806

no. 929

MURDER WILL OUT.

(Continued)

He was admitted immediately; when, instead of being able to utter a word of condolence or entreaty, all his fortitude forsook him, and he sank on a chair and groaned aloud in agony.

"Sir Malcom," cried Madame Altieri, "this sorrow does but too much honour to the unworthy Miss Arundel—for daughter I will not call her."

"Unworthy!" exclaimed Dunbar, roused by indignation from the stupor of grief, "and do you then believe her guilty?"

"I do—much as it hurts me to believe her so; for is not the evidence against her dreadfully strong and conclusive?"

"It is indeed, madam: but I have known circumstantial evidence as strong against an accused person several times, and yet the innocence of the condemned has afterwards been made manifest to the world: and against the evidence that proves Miss Arundel's guilt, I set her character from childhood; the mastery over her feelings which every one who has known her from her infancy decries her to have possessed; and that angelic sweetness, that active virtue, that humble but assured piety, which brake forth in her discourse, her countenance, and her conduct on all occasions, all make me consider her not only as unjustly condemned for a fault which she has seemed to commit, but as a generous martyr devoting herself, for some noble reason unknown to us, to pay the forfeit of another's crime?"

A thousand varying emotions now by turns crimsoned over and blanched the cheek of Madame Altieri, while Dunbar was speaking. That daughter, who must unconsciously had caused her, during her whole life, to suffer under a sense of inferiority, which her ambition and high pretensions made insupportable to her, she had now seen humble and degraded, by being accused and convicted of a dreadful crime, and, agonized as she was at the thought that a child of hers would perish on the scaffold, her self-love was soothed by the injury done to that spotless fame, that high respect, which had ever been the object of her envy. It is a well known fact, that the envy and rivalship of near relations is the most bitter and inveterate; and when a mother is so unnatural as not to consider a child with love, but jealousy, her jealousy is the more violent proportion as the tie is the closer.

"You are a generous judge," replied Madame Altieri haughtily; "but you are a lover too,—and love blinds you, I fear, on this occasion: guilty or not guilty however, I would at any rate save Miss Arundel's life, if possible. True, I never doted on her so fondly as I do on Altieri; still she is my child: therefore, if money or interest can find means to secure her escape from justice, whatever you do, Sir Malcom, I will go hand-in-hand with you."

"I have already formed a plan," replied Dunbar,—"and God grant it may succeed! But in the mean while suffer me to conduct

you to the prison."

"Never!" returned Madame Altieri. "Never!—never will I again behold the daughter who has disgraced me! Guilty or not guilty, her conduct must have been such as no mother can approve, or she could not have been involved in circumstances so suspicious:—therefore we have parted never to meet more!"

Dunbar listened to these unmatural sentiments with horror and disgust; and unable to bear the sight of Madame Altieri any longer bowed in silence, and, casting a look of contemptuous indignation on her, hastily withdrew. He immediately repaired to the prison, and was after some hesitation admitted to the prisoner. He found Apreece with her crying like a child, and begging for God's sake that she would consent to escape, if means for her escape could be contrived; but to this proposal Editha returned a firm denial.

"Have you seen my mother?" cried Editha, as soon as she perceived Dunbar.

"I have."

"And will she see me?"

"No."

"Not see me?—Is not the bitterness of resentment past?"

"No;—but think not of her; she is unworthy such a child as you."

"Does she then believe me guilty?"

"I fear she does—spite of all I urged."

"But you then," said Editha eagerly, believe me innocent?"

"I do—from the bottom of my soul, and so do all who ever knew or heard of you here," cried Apreece, "if I may judge from the lamentation and indignation which is expressed by all the poor, and most of the rich, in this city and the neighborhood: and I should be sorry to have to pay for all the masses and offerings, for the sake of your soul, now said and offered in every church in the city."

Editha, for the first time, lost her calmness; she was affected. The consciousness of being beloved, and being acquitted of the crime imputed to her, by the hearts of those who knew her, caused a throb of pleasure in her bosom, which was cruelly checked when she thought of her mother.

"Kind generous friends," said she, extending a hand to Apreece and Dunbar at the same time.

"Gracious Heaven!" cried Apreece, sobbing; "and she calls me a kind and generous friend!"

"Would to God you would leave us!" said Dunbar, "I cannot bear the sight of you."

"No wonder," replied Apreece mournfully, and preparing to go.

"Stay cried Editha. "Dunbar, for my sake you must conquer this feeling towards your friend, and learn to forgive him as I do. If you see me, you must see him; for, believe me, I mean to employ him to execute most of the little offices which I wish to be performed after I am no more."

"Employ him in preference to me!"

"Yes;—for I look forward. Dunbar, I believe the time will come, and that you will both live to see it, when my innocence will be

made only too evident."

"I shall never live to see it," said Dunbar, "I shall not long survive you."

Editha paused for a minute, for the tone of misery in which he spoke pierced her to the heart; but she continued thus:

"Yes:—perhaps the time will come when my innocence will be acknowledged; and then think what a consolation it will be to the already self-condemned Apreece, to know that I died in charity with him; that I employed him as a friend; that I liked to have him near me; that I approved the motives which led him to apprehend me; and that I died forgiving him and praying for him!"

"And you think this will console me!—No, no,—spurn me, spit on me, revile me, curse me, do any thing, sweet soul, but bless and pray for me!" cried Apreece falling at her feet, overcome with excess of emotion.

Even Dunbar felt for him; and raising him from the ground, he whispered him that perhaps it was not impossible to effect an escape; and that idea recovering Apreece immediately, they both took leave of Editha; but she detained them to send a message by them to her mother. It was such an one as was calculated to move any heart not steeled by bad passions, against the admission of the safer ones. But Editha herself feared that it would have no effect; and clasping her hands together, she exclaimed—"No, no! I fear that she will neither see nor forgive me;—and yet how truly I have deserved her love! Oh my mother! cruel but still dear mother! how miserable will your feelings be, when you shall know, as I doubt not you will one day know, how fondly I considered your peace, and how truly as a child I loved you!"

Here emotion choked her voice; and Dunbar and Apreece, greatly affected also: withdrew; to contrive means of saving her if possible, and Apreece vowed that if she refused to escape, he should make no scruple of gagging her, and carrying her off in spite of herself. But gratitude and affection were already at work to save her.—Editha had a fine estate about twenty miles from Rouen, which was left her by her father, and was one cause of her mother's hatred of her father's memory. This estate was full of vassals; but Editha treated them always as fellow beings, not as slaves; and the poor peasants around her looked on her as something more than mortal,—while an old servant of her father's, who acted as her steward, behaved in her the true and worthy representative of his revered master. Judge then what a sensation of agony must have been excited throughout her estate, when the news of her condemnation reached it! One feeling of indignation animated every man, every woman, and every child. They adored Miss Arundel guilty of murder! Impossible! though a thousand judges had said it; and they resolved to rescue her or die.

But the old servant Jacques, as soon as the first burst of feeling had subsided; resolved to effect the same purpose by stratagem, in preference to force; and having, to gratify the affections of the vassals, levied a small contribution

on each of them, to go, as he said, toward making a fond to bribe the jailor, he set off for Rouen and he offered a sum so vast to the keeper of the prison, and concerted his measures so skilfully, that on the eve of the day appointed for the execution every thing was ready for Miss Arundel's escape. The White Nuns themselves being convinced of Editha's innocence, joyfully consented to assist him; and for this purpose they gave out that they felt horror of her crime and were ashamed of having had the care of her education; and Jacques, on pretence of coming on a message from Madame Altieri, was admitted to see Editha,—though, on account of Apreece's having talked too freely, his visits and Dunbar's were positively forbidden; and the latter, fearing that he should see Editha no more, had taken to his bed, in the firm hope and persuasion that he should never rise from it again.

When Jacques saw Editha, he was too much overcome to speak; nor was she much less affected: but at length she asked him if he brought her any message from her mother.

"Yes:—she desires you to send her my young master's present address, as she wants to write to him." "And is that all?" cried Editha changing colour.

"Yes:—except that she desires you will consent to escape; and thank God we have the means in our power!"

"Tell my mother," replied Editha, "that I shall write to Altieri myself:—I best can break the melancholy news to him; and unless he hears it first as I shall relate it, I shudder to think of what the consequences may be.—Poor fellow! how I feel for his agonies!"

Here she paused, overcome almost to fainting with the violence of her emotions.

"But dear deaf lady," cried Jacques, "you need have nothing but good news to send him; for you can be saved! indeed you can!"

"How?" replied Editha starting; the love of life at that moment being paramount to every other consideration.

Jacques then told her that he had just bribed one of the jailors, and had no doubt of bribing the other; that, if he did not consent, means would be taken to get him out of the way while the other jailor conveyed her at two o'clock that morning to an apartment overlooking the river; & from the window of that apartment she should jump into the arms of some of her peasants and himself, who would be in a boat ready to receive her;—that then the boat should row till it came below the nunnery wall where a ladder of ropes would be hanging down by which she was to ascend into the nunnery garden, and thence be taken and concealed in vaults till all search was over.

(To be Continued.)

From London Papers.

An Attorney notorious for fomenting disturbances in hope of gaining fresh clients, seeing an old pot companion scuffling with another, advised him by all means to pull off his clothes, "for if you get them torn to pieces, what will you do then?" "Do!" replied the other, "Why as you do every day—kick up a dust for a new suit."

An Officer some time since convicted a fellow of picking his pocket, for which he was sentenced to transportation; "Thank you, Sir," said the fellow, dryly, "I have the advantage in this business, as it saves me from being a soldier, and probably perishing along with you of the yellow fever in the West-Indies."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

A WINTER'S REFLECTION.

How chang'd these scenes of late so gay!
The hills and flower-enamelled vale;
Where Summer tun'd the woodland lay,
And breath'd his softest, sweetest gale!

Who now will to those haunts repair,
Which bloom'd and charm'd the season past?
Or climb yon summits, white in air,
Where Winter raves with keenest blast?

The lark, light pinion'd, now how still!
He chants his morning song no more;
Mute are the murmurs of the rill,
Aud dumb the ice-bound torrents roar.

But while the plain all torpid lies,
And bows to Nature's changeless plan;
And th' obedient verdure dies,
I hear thee cry—How blest is Man!

He—safe from winds and beating rain
Without—when wintery storms annoy,
Calm in his dwelling can remain,
And feast on intellectual joy!

Tho' in the bower no longer blest,
To his lov'd maid young Thyrus now,
Can still his pleasing pains attest,
And warm affection breathe its vow.

Tho' thro' the mead no swains are seen
To hie in sportive choir along,
Yet fairest Dalia—Beauty's queen—
Can lead the dance, or raise the song?

What tho' no pink, or fragrant rose,
Yield from their native beds perfume;
Yet wit his mimic wreath bestows,
Where classic flowers perennial bloom?

Thus o'er the waiting season reign,
In social joy so freely given,
Tho' high-rais'd bliss with wine maintain,
And seize on every boon of Heaven!

But while these flattering scenes beguile,
And pleasure leads each festive hour;
Ah! leave her syren charms awhile,
And think upon the chearless poor.

To vander not round which the wind
Howls o'er a dreary waste of snows,
Go, and their wretched minutes find,
See how these shivering group they close!

Alas in vain—unclad—unfed—
The source which vital warmth supplies,
Heartless and cold—they cry for bread
With famine in their asking eyes.

E'en Love, their solace dear in toil,
In their chill huts forgets to glow;
He flies to seek a kinder soil,
And leaves the abode of want and woe!

Oh! ye, who boast your ample store,
Sooth with kind aid their deep distress,
Bring comfort to their humble door,
And share the luxury—to bless!

That joy—that luxury refin'd
When fading pleasure disappear,
Will raise and fill the virtuous mind,
With rapture through the changing year.

W. J.

AN AXIOM.

Two easy things will satisfy mankind,
An easy fortune and an easy mind;
But the one thing that gives a man content,
Is a good conscience from a life well spent.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

The eye that will not weep at others sorrow,
Should boast no gentler brightness, than the glare
That reddens in the eye-balls of a wolf.

EMMA,

A FRAGMENT.

The father too, a sordid man;
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Mr. and Mrs. Rivers were united at an early age; two children blessed their union, and Mrs. Rivers shewed evident signs of their family being increased, when a distant relation of Mr. Rivers died, and left a fortune to the yet unborn infant, providing it was a boy: but, alas! it was a girl. The little intruder in consequence was hated, its morals neglected, and its education unattended to. Those cruel parents instilled this hatred into her brothers and sisters, and as Emma grew up she acted in the capacity of servant to the family: their resentment was as unbounded as unjust. Such cruel, such unmerited usage, was too much for the susceptible Emma to bear; and the melancholy look, the plaintive sweetness of her voice, the dejection that was visible on her faded cheek, all denoted a mind ill at ease.

Emma formed a connection with Anna Goodwin; in her she reposed that confidence which ought to have been placed in her parents, and in her society alone found any thing like happiness. Ann had a brother; and the designing Henry, perfectly aware of Emma's attachment to him, took advantage of her weakness to seduce this unfortunate girl; and, as the means of repairing so great an injury, consented to marry her if Mr. Rivers would give Emma some fortune: but this the mercenary man refused: and even insisted on Emma's quitting the house. Her mother (human nature recoils at the idea) who ought to have expostulated with Mr. Rivers, who ought to have soothed her unhappy daughter, urged him on, and she was obliged to seek refuge in a neighbouring cottage. Here it was she first beheld the pledge of her guilt; first clasped in her arms the little Henry. To gaze on him, to bedew his cheek with her tears, was all alleviation of her woe: but her scanty pittance was insufficient to maintain herself and infant; it would not provide common necessities, and from her friends' unkindness she feared to ask any thing from them. Want of food brought on illness; and she began to tremble for the defenceless situation of her darling boy.

She wished not to apply to Henry; and yet how could she die in peace without recommending her infant to his protection—without being reconciled to her friends? Such were the ideas that pressed in the mind of the distressed Emma. Her emaciated form surprised the good cottagers, and they told her the danger she was in. With assumed composure she sent entreaties to Henry and to her sisters (cruel unsympathising girls, who could deny her dying request!) but, oh! the sad anguish that wrung her heart when her request was returned with contempt! With what tenderness, with what distress, did she embrace her infant! and her last sigh was for its happiness. No kind being watched over the pillow of death, to cheer her desponding heart with kind assurances of protection to her little Henry. Ah, no! neglected and despised Emma died, a victim to her parents unkindness; and ere she was stiff in death, Mr. Rivers had her corpse removed to his house. And will this useless ceremony be any compensation to Emma? Is it because Mr. Rivers feels remorse for his past cruelty? Is it not rather because he fears the censure of the world? Despicable hypocrite! that can prefer the opinion of a misjudging world to the silent

plaints of your own heart; that can mourn with apparent grief over the grave of your daughter, and yet can neglect her infant? Thinkest thou God cannot discern thy sentiments? Dost thou vainly imagine, that the wealth you refused your daughter as the only means of making her happy, will purchase your eternal felicity? Shall not Emma's injured spirit rise up and accuse you? And then too, her vile seducer, tremble at thy doom; recollect that God, not man, shall be thy judge! The little Henry died within the space of a year, and was placed by the side of his mother. And here, gentle reader, let me draw a veil over her frailties, and shed a commiserating tear over her errors. Censure her not; but think, had her friends been kind as yours, she might have been equally virtuous and amiable.

THE ORIGIN

Of eating GOOSE on Michaelmas Day.

QUEEN Elizabeth, on her way to Tilbury Fort on the 29th of September, 1593, dined at the ancient seat of Sir Nevile Umfrerville, near that place; and as British Bess had much rather dine off a high seasoned and substantial dish, than a flimsy fricassee, or a rascally ragout, the Knight thought proper to provide a brace of fine geese, to suit the palate of his royal guest. After the Queen had dined very heartily, she asked for a half pint bumper of burgundy, and drank destruction to the Spanish armada. She had bat that moment returned the glass to the Knight, who had done the honors of the table, when the news came (as if the queen had been possessed of the spirit of prophecy) that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed by a storm. She immediately took another bumper in order to digest the geese and good news; and was so much pleased with the event, that she every year after, on that day, had the above excellent dish served up. The court made it a custom, and the people have followed the fashion ever since.

THE LEARNED TEACHER.

A travelling person coming into a country neighborhood where was a vacant school-house, offered himself as teacher. The neighbors convened to examine into his abilities. He was asked "What branches he could teach?" "Almost any," was the answer. He could instruct children to read without first learning them to spell; to write almost without making marks, and it was indifferent to him in what rule they first commenced arithmetic. "Are you acquainted with mathematics, sir?" was the next question. Supposing some great literary character was meant, the fellow assuming an air of importance, quickly replies—*Matthew Mator, sir? No sir, I am not acquainted with Matthew, but I know his brother Tom very well!*"

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 6, 1806.

Deaths in this city during the last week, of the following diseases:

Of apoplexy 1, consumption 4, convulsions 4, debility 4, decay 4, dropsy in the head 1, dysentery 1, typhus fever 1, flux infantile 1, hives 4, inflammation of the lungs 2, old age 3, small pox 1, suicide 1, teething 1, worms 1.—Men 8, women 10, boys 10, girls 7—Total 35.

Captain Hussey, from Bonair, says that Miranda was still at Barbadoes, without the hope of succeeding in his expedition.

COUNTERFEITS—A gentlemen has shewn us Two Dollars Notes of the Jersey Bank, which by our Banks have been pronounced counterfeits. The imitation, both as respects the paper and execution, is good; but the signatures appear to be a copper-plate impression, and the flourishes afterward, touched over with glossy ink.

On Friday night Nov. 21st, about 9 o'clock, a dispute took place at a gaming-house in Little Water street in Norfolk, Virginia, between the keepers of the Faro Bank (two brothers named Davis) and an itinerant vagabond who goes by the name of Colminer, an Italian, well known in and about Richmond as a grinder of music, and who kept a dye-table in the race-field during the late races near Norfolk. During the scuffle the Italian made use of his national weapon (a dagger) with so much expertness, that he soon cleared his way, and made his escape, having stabbed both the Davis's, a man of the name of Watson, and the oldest Hubbard, Shoemakers and inhabitants of this borough. One of the Davis's died early the next morning, and Watson on the Sunday following. The other Davis, we learn, cannot survive—Hubbard is out of danger. The Assassin has not since been heard of nor do we learn of any exertion making to have him apprehended. He is a low well set fellow, very dark complexion, and speaks broken English.

BOOT AND SHOE-MAKING.

SAMUEL MOWAT, begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general that he has opened a store at No. 5 Murray-street, near Broadway, opposite the Sheriff's office, at the sign of the Boot, where he makes all kind of best fashionable Boots and Shoes, viz. Waterproof, Backstraps, Swallow-tails, and Cordovan Boots, warranted equal to any in the city, both for work and materials. Where Gentlemen may be supplied with such Boots and Shoes as they want.

Best dancing Pumps, Morocco, or Leather, which he will make to any particular direction or pattern. He will wait on any gentleman at his place of abode to get his orders if notice is given.

All orders, thankfully received and executed with neatness and dispatch, on as reasonable terms as can be produced for Cash.

Boots neatly mended.

December 6.

929—6m.

THOMAS HARRISON.

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woolen Dyer, No. 63, Liberty-Street, near Bread-way, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c., cleaned and dried; Gentleman's clothes: cleaned wet or dry; and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

December 6.

929—1f.

GEORGE SPITZENBERGER, FURRIER.

Informs the Ladies and public in general, that he has opened a FURRIER STORE, in John-Street, No. 54, corner of William-Street, and recommends his Goods equal to any in this city, as they are made by himself.

December 6.

929—1f.

FOR SALE,

Cheap, with or without her Child, ten years time of a young active Mulatto Woman. She is perfectly sober, honest, and good tempered. Sold for no fault. Enquire of the printer.

December 6.

929—1f.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Francis Fairbairn, merchant, to Mrs. Margaret Campbell, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, 27th ult. By the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Philip Hitchens, to Miss Jane Donovan, of this city.

DIED,

Suddenly, on Tuesday morning, Mr. George Townsend, merchant, of this city.

Lately at Washington, (Penn.) Mr. John Israel, late editor of the *Tree of Liberty*.

At Greenwich, on Tuesday evening the 18th ult., after a short but severe illness, Mr. Robert Kennedy, aged 52 years.

At Fishkill, the 23d ult. in the bloom of life, Mrs. Jane Rapelyea, wife of Mr. Richard Rapelyea, and daughter of Isaac Van Wyck Esq.

Yes, she is gone, the dire disease prevail'd,
And all the efforts of Physicians fail'd;
The Great Jehovah's dread behest obey'd,
Jane in her narrow cell forever laid.

We murmur not, 'whatever is, is right.'
And still we mourn her so untimely flight;
Look wistful on her grave, and deep deplore
Her early exit to return no more.

Meek and affectionate, and full of life,
And free from envy and oppos'd to strife,
Esteem'd for virtue, free from vulgar pride,
She liv'd beloved, and lamented died.

But why should we repine, and thus distract,
Lament a friend who reigns among the blest;
Sickness and grief, here to her lot were given,
But now no pains disturb her rest in heav'n;
With undol'd pleasures blest, she dwells on high,
And thanks her Maker, she was born to die.

CHRISTMAS PIECES.

An elegant assortment of coloured and plain Christmas Pieces, wholesale and retail, for sale at this office.

Hutchins' Improved

ALMANACKS, for 1807,

Also—NAUTICAL AND POCKET ALMANACKS,
By the Dozen, or Single, for sale at this Office.

TICKETS IN THE 7th GLASS LOTTERY.

30,000, 20,000, & 10,000 DOLLARS.

For sale at this office, Tickets in Lottery No. V. for encouragement of Literature.

ROSES IN BLOOM,

For Bouquets, may be had during the winter at the Green-house, No. 20, Nassau-street. Gentlemen will please to observe, that it will be necessary to leave notice 24 hours before they want Roses, and they may depend on being punctually attended to at the appointed hour.

Common Bouquets at 25 cents, may be had at a minute's notice.

November 15.

926—6c.

TO THE LADIES.

MRS. SMITH, FROM LONDON.

Begs leave to inform the Ladies of New-York, she intends appropriating her time to making, repairing & altering MUFFS & TIPPELS to the latest fashions.

Mrs. S. having conducted an extensive Furr Manufactory, a numbers of years in London, flatters herself she will be able to please, those who may favor her with their orders at No. 44 Oak Street.

November 15.

926—1f.

MANTUAMAKING.

Miss MARY SELBY, informs the Ladies that she carries on the Mantuamaking business in all its branches at No. 36 Broad-street, makes Ladies Coats and Pelisse's in the neatest London fashions.

Girls wanted as Apprentices to the above business.

December 6.

929—3v.

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground compleat,—warranted tight, by ALFORD & MERVIN,
No. 52 Catherine-st. near the Watch-house

COURT OF APOLLO.

From a London Paper.

THE NORFOLK TURNIP,

A TALE.

SOME counties vaunt themselves in pies;
In mutton some excel,
For turnips of enormous size,
Fair Norfolk bears the del.

This tale my nurse oft told to me,
Which I relate to you;
And well I know what nurses say
Is always very true.

At midnight hour a hardy knight
Was passing o'er the lee;
The Moon and Stars had lost their light,
And he had lost his way.

The wind full loud and sharp did blow,
The clouds a main did pour—
And such a night, as stories shew,
Was seldom known before.

In vain he sought full half the night,
No shelter could he spy;
Pity it were so bold a knight
Thus starv'd to death should die!

Now voices strange assail his ear,
And yet no house was nigh—
Thought he, the Devil himself is here,
Praise me God on high!

When from a hollow turnip near,
Out jump'd a living man,
With friendly voice and accent clear,
His speech he thus began:—

"Sir Knight! no Devil dwelleth here,
Nor giant keeps the place;
But two poor drovers, Goodman Verey
And honest Robin Pace.

"We and our oxen shelter here,
In number ninety-two;
And if you'll enter, never fear,
There's room enough for you."

EPIGRAPH,

Published in a New-England paper.

On the 22d day of December,
A confounded big piece of timber,
Fell down—slam bang—
And kill'd poor JOHN LAMB.

IRISH EPIGRAPH.

In Belurbur church-yard, Ireland, is this inscription:—"Here lies John Higley, whose father and mother were drowned in their passage from America. Had they both lived, they would have been buried here."

TO THE LADIES.

M. HEDGES, Hair Dresser, notifies the public, respectfully, that he has again resumed his profession, and being grateful for past encouragement, presumes on the liberality of his former employers & friends to promote that success which will be his pride to merit.

Messages left at No. 30 Barclay-street, the fourth door below Church-street, on the left hand from Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

November 15.

926 tf.

SHIPWRECK OF THE ROSE IN BLOOM.

Proposals for printing by subscription, two elegant views of the ROSE IN BLOOM, to be Engraved by an eminent Artist in London. Designed by G. THRESHER, Marine Painter, 13, Broad-Street, New-York—under the direction, and with the full approbation of the following Gentlemen, passengers.

Hon. J. Rutledge, Mr. Booth, Mr. Bolfeur Mr. Crocker, Mr. Perrey, Mr. Page, Mr. Brennan, Mr. Petrov, &c.

Particulars.

To Subscribers, supremely coloured, at \$10 pair.
do. plain 8 do.
Each subscriber to pay 2 dollars at the time of subscribing. Plates 30 by 21 inches each.

PLATE I.

A view of the tremendous Hurricane and the upset, with the passengers struggling in the waves, and clinging to the yards, shrouds, spars, &c. &c.

PLATE II.

A view of the ship, righted, totally dismasted, with the remaining passengers and crew clinging to the larboard quarter railing; the ship being water-logg'd— with a distant view of the British brig Swift, captain R. Philan, sending their jolly-boat to take them from the wreck.

September 1. 924—tf.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

SELECT ACADEMY.

GEORGE THRESHER—FROM LONDON.

TEACHER OF PLAIN & ORNAMENTAL WRITING ACCOUNTS, DRAWING, MARINE PAINTING, &c. &c.
No. 13, BROAD-STREET—New-York.

Terms:

From 7 to 9 o'clock in the morning, Writing and Accounts, per quarter, 8 dollars.

From 10 to 12 in the morning, and from 2 to 4 in the afternoon, Writing, Accounts Drawing, and Painting inclusive, 12 dollars.

From 6 to 8 in the evening, private Tuition 10 dol. Writing, Book-keeping, Drawing and Painting 10 dol. Painters 15 dolls.

Ladies and Gentlemen attended at their respective homes.

Compliment Cards, and Frontispiece's, elegantly designed.

FASHIONABLE FENDERS.

J. Barham, No. 103 Maiden-Lane, has just received by the ship Robert Burns, from Liverpool, an elegant assortment of Japan & Brass Fenders, and by former arrivals a handsome assortment of cocalico & black ground Tea-Trays, Tea Urns, Plate warmers, Plated Goods, Ivory and other Knives & Forks, Sattin wood, Tea Caddees, block tin Dish covers and all other articles suitable for house keeping, in the Hardware business, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash or credit.

▲ A fashionable assortment of Andirons, Shovels and Tong, Jam Hooks, Hearth Brushes & brass nos'd Bellows always on hand.

Oct. 25. 923—tf.

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,
Split straw do. do.
Paper do.
Wire assorted sizes,
Artificial and straw Flowers,
do. do. Wreaths,
Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,
Paste Bonnets,
Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,
Sarsnets, white and pink,
Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.

With every article in the Millinery line by Wholesale only.

N. B. One or two Apprentices wanted at the Millenary business.

November 25. 926—tf.

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE,
NO. 114, BROADWAY.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chapping, 4s. per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass. Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 5s. 4s. 8 & 12s. bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb. Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes Is 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, gassing and thickening the Hair, and preventing it from turning gray, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pamtums, Is. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. & 1s. 6d. Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Salt of Lemons, for taking out iron mold.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

* * The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissars, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Comb. Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again January 5, 1806. 833. ly.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

(price 37 cents)

A NEW CATALOGUE OF BOOKS,

Which may be Bought or Read at

OSBORN'S

BOOK-STORE, LIBRARY, & READING ROOM,

No. 13, PARK;

Comprising more than 15,000 Volumes of the most useful and amusing works in the English and French languages—among which will be found many rare curious Books in no other collection in America.

Every new work of merit, (excepting those only which are not strictly professional,) whether of European or American publications, is always added to the Library and Reading Room, as soon as it can be obtained.

October 18. 922—tf.

PUBLISHED BY MARG. HARRISON,

No. 3 PECK-SLIP.